

# WATERS TRAILS GERMAN INVASION OF BELGIUM

## GERMANS SHOT CAPTIVES, SAYS GEORGE LYNCH

Noted War Correspondent Describes Misery of Fugitives From Antwerp.

## AGED AND BEDRIDDEN DRIVEN FROM SHELTER

George Lynch, author and noted war correspondent, was born at Cork, Ireland, March 27, 1868. He was educated under John Henry Cardinal Newman, and came first into prominence through his explorations in western Australia and in the Pacific Islands. He acted as war correspondent for various London and New York newspapers during the Spanish-American war, the Boer war, the Russo-Japanese war. He is the author of "The War of the Obligations," "Impressions of a War Correspondent," "The Path of Empire," etc.

By GEORGE LYNCH.

LONDON, Oct. 20.—I have spent the last few days in retreating in company with the Belgian army before the advancing Germans. It was a most orderly and well regulated retreat, without any vestige of hurry, precipitation, or, still less, panic. But we were retreating before the great war machine. There is no use fabricating ourselves or trying to fool others by saying that Antwerp was evacuated prudently for reasons of high strategy. Antwerp was abandoned because the allies could not hold it. Then when we came to the consideration of what constitutes that nation of allies we find that it is composed of Belgians mainly and British mainly.

The naval brigade came there at the eleventh hour. The Britishers were acclaimed throughout their triumphal passage from Dunkirk as the saviors of the country. I was out there the first week of the war, and arrived at Ostend, which had started the most brilliant season of its existence because gambling was again allowed. The day after Antwerp was captured there. The racing season had just started; polo was in full swing. The semi-finals of Paris and many other things had come to Ostend, where the strong sea breezes can blow away the petrol, and where the sea bathing would be a nuisance, and then the bells sounded at night. August 3, bells of Ostend, the bells of Mariakerke, the town of war mobilization, and from then until now has occurred the history of Belgium in war. So much has occurred since, such a variety of happenings, that the bells of the old church in Mariakerke still seem ringing in one's ears, and the old pastor I suppose is still celebrating his 6 o'clock mass, and he will probably continue to celebrate it until the boom of the shells substitutes the song of the sanctuary bell.

After the capture and occupation of Brussels and when the Government moved to Antwerp, we were told that Antwerp was a place of fortified security. We knew, or we thought we knew, that this thorny crown of forts was uncapable of their steady revolving turrets, and that the King and the Government of Belgium could rest in absolute security within these encircling lines. The guns from Krupp's, the existence of which had been kept carefully clouded in prudent obscurity, had not been counted on.

### Krupp Guns Deadly.

These guns outranged those of the Belgians in the proportion of practically two to one. The German guns had a range of twenty-four kilometers for a range of twelve for the Belgians. The forts, while the best the Belgians could do was little more than half that distance. There is a nutshell in the history of this war. What the Germans had aimed at had been realized. Perhaps fatally Belgians even had ordered guns from Krupp, but by some pressure of overwork, such was the excuse, delivery had been delayed. When the whole history of this war comes to be written, it will be understood that the Germans' success may be attributed to the things that come from Krupp's: the mastery of artillery, the impinging overwork on the Belgians, and this artillery directed by most intelligent, active and courageous officers.

Once the aviators indicate to the artillery the exact range, such a tornado of shells is sprayed upon the allies as they are either swept off the open or held interned in their trenches. The German manoeuvres were not held for nothing; they were always practical rehearsals in preparation for the actual war, which they are now carrying out. While one cannot help quivering under their onslaught, any one must admire the magnificent completeness of their practical preparation.

Kaiser's Contradiction. Then comes the power of his magnificent army, there is something splendid about the way he said: "Let them all come." The war Lord at bay is fine. He was at bay a week and a half, and he was not today. As I write along this far front battle line, who can judge which is the attacking and which the army on defence?

### Brutality of Germans.

One thing I know. Motoring in my car, with Ghent as my headquarters, up close to Antwerp and then to the lines of the surrounding forts and leaving my car and trusting Belgium. Here I saw the German batteries and finally returning to Ghent at the surrender of Antwerp, I know that the Germans had been ruthless in the plundering of the country they have captured and looted. They have not placed this game of war as gentlemen should. I have been through the South African campaign and although the usual accusations were thrown against the Boers for firing on the Red Cross and so on, they were absolutely groundless. These old Boers, kinsmen of the Germans, fought like gentlemen. Old Joubert fought so chivalrously that he at least once hesitated to drive a great advantage when he might have done so by hitting below the belt. With the Germans there is no hesitation about hitting below the belt.

### Skills Slashed.

Of the sixteen killed, having examined the bodies, the Major found that the skulls of ten had been smashed in. Apparently by the butt ends of rifles.

## Doughty American Recovers the "Lost Baggage" of Thousands Who Fled From Continent With What They Could Carry Along



Part of the first cargo of "Lost Baggage" on the pier at Rotterdam

### Edward Page Gaston Got German Officialdom to Aid in His Project.

The "lost baggage" of Americans, the 15,000 pieces, trunks and suitcases abandoned by American travelers in cities on the Continent two months ago in their hurried flight at the coming of war, is being rescued in mass. An American with a turn for adventure and a knack of performing the impossible has done it. He has already recovered between three and four thousand pieces, perhaps many more by this time, but certainly over 3,000. Fifteen hundred "lost" trunks and other pieces of baggage are now on the ocean, having been shipped from Rotterdam. They will arrive in New York about October 24, perhaps a day or two earlier, and are to be placed in a big warehouse in this city, to be identified and reclaimed.

This is the famous "lost baggage" that has been told about many times as heaped up in the streets of Cologne, Coblenz, Bremen, Hamburg and other Continental cities, but mainly in Germany. It is unique in the world's history. Its owners, who are believed to be scattered all over the United States.

There have been many knights of every sort of adventure before, but never one

who has performed this unique service. Edward Page Gaston, for the past few years the European manager of an American publishing firm, Funk & Wagnalls. When he came to London and was on the inside of everything. The tales of the refugees fascinated him. The romance of their left-behind belongings seemed to offer an unusual opportunity for an adventure that would be of definite benefit, work that nobody else had thought of doing. Hazardous expeditions had always attracted him. As a youth he had gone with Cushing among the buried cities of the Zuni. He knew the Continent, not as the ordinary tourist knows it, but as the romance, with a touch of wanderlust, who sees the hidden springs of all things.

### Steals Into Germany.

Full of enthusiasm, Gaston proposed to one American in London after another his plan of stealing into Germany by a circuitous route, and through his close personal friendships in official and unofficial quarters getting permission from high authorities to collect and remove the baggage. It was a job requiring some unusual gifts of diplomacy, he conceded, but he asserted that the trick could be turned. "I will get to the Kaiser, if necessary," he said, "and I can do that." But no one listened, or if they did, they gave him no encouragement. It seemed impossible.

Nevertheless a week later Gaston was leaving The Hague, bound into Germany,

a tube gun barrel which a few hours ago had been hot in action, and the gunner who had given her his place walking alongside.

All along the middle of the road marched the retreating army, artillery and infantry, in long procession of supply motor wagons. This is the war of the motor car and the effectiveness of this war is mainly due to the motor car. The car, under the leadership of its driver, will not in some part be due to a period of famine in Germany.

It was a long journey from the outskirts of Antwerp to Ghent. I started early in the morning and went through St. Nicholas and through Lockern, and went as near as I could get to Antwerp. The stream of the retreating army and fugitives effectively stopped the advance of our car and we had to turn before reaching the pontoon bridge at Antwerp. Vast columns of smoke arising from the town and the boom of cannon and big guns were constantly in our ears, borne through the silent air of a perfect autumn day. As we turned a motor car flamboyantly bearing a flag of the Stars and Stripes was just behind us. The car carried Mr. DeWitt, and his family, the Consul-General for the United States.

### U. S. Consul Spends Night in Cellar.

He told us that he and his family had spent the previous night in the cellar of his house, while they could hear houses on the opposite side of the street being struck by shells. He described it as an overpowering experience. He lost no time in the morning about taking his departure. It took him four hours to wait for his turn to cross the pontoon bridge, although one would have thought that he could have had some privilege of passage as custodian and keeper of the interests of neutral Powers.

From the time we met him until the time we came into Ghent we witnessed a panorama of scenes such as the most ardent history of Europe has never equalled. At St. Nicholas on the way back we tried to get off the great track and get home by a quicker and shorter route, by means of Lockern, but Lockern was a means of no use, as a motor car, and it was that it was most dangerous, owing to the bridge at Lockern being out. We could not pass that way. Retreating soldiers, beaten, weary, dirty and disgruntled were streaming along the road toward us.

### Soldiers Desperate.

Two of them got on either side of our car and said they'd make us carry them by force. For the first time I saw the mistake of travelling around as an unarmed non-combatant correspondent. I put my hand in my hip pocket and fumbled menacingly with an empty purse, while I swore at them volubly in my best French. They finally jumped off.

There was no use in going on by way of Lockern. We had to turn back and again follow the great trail of retreat on the road that led along the frontier of Holland, and then by a wide detour into Ghent. As we neared the city the troops

pushed forward on his way by Dr. Henry van Dyke, Minister to the Netherlands. He left The Hague on August 19. Four days before in London he had found a man who believed in him and his proposed mission. This man had gone to his office safe and taken from it all the German money he could find, which was approximately 5,000 marks. "Go to it," said the man. "I believe you can do it. All I want to know is that you are what you say you are."

Walter H. Page, the American Ambassador to England, vouched for him at once. That night Gaston started on his quest, armed with such credentials and passports as could be given him. Just what he was to do he did not know himself, but he was very confident. A letter he wrote to his sister, Lucy Page Gaston, one of the heads of the anti-clerical movement, who is now in New York, and showed it yesterday, had this sentence in it: "The letter had been written just as my brother sailed from Poolestone on Sunday, August 16, with the precious 5,000 marks of German money in a money belt strapped about him."

"Let me hope that God and courage will get me through the undertaking," he wrote. "In New York town is the man who, when all others 'pooch-pooled,' advanced Gaston the 5,000 marks to make his start. He is Frederick S. Holbrook, one of the vice-presidents of Wells, Fargo & Co. By chance Mr. Holbrook was in London when war broke. Gaston's idea appealed to him. It came to his mind as just the thing to do. He had a long talk with him, and he was again and again

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Parties of dead tried fugitives had gathered dried branches and were huddling around little fires which were either kept burning during the night or to cook any little food that they had brought with them.

It was a lovely night. The sun sank and the afterglow was in the sky. The wind was from the west, and the clear boom of distant cannon. Great mushroom shaped clouds hung over Antwerp. This and the burning villages were things that told of war.

A little way outside Ghent our slowly crawling procession had to pause at a cluster of cottages that could hardly be called a village. There was a little chapel in the center, and the doors of the chapel were closed. Our car stopped directly opposite. It had a rough old oak door, reached from the street by a couple of steps.

The door was closed. Kneeling on the steps were two figures, a man with gray hair, his head bowed over clasped hands and almost touching the rough oak door frame; beside him a woman, with crossed arms upon the door, against which her head rested; through the slit of the door gleamed the red lamp of the sanctuary; a starling stream of weary fugitives kept passing them on the pathway, and these two old people waited there and prayed outside that church of theirs that was closed. A dim lamp just outside haloed their bowed gray heads.

"Eli, Eli, Lame Sabachthani" ("My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken us") was what these silent figures seemed to say against the closed door of that little church; and along the road, a few yards away, the people of Flanders were struggling along wearily in patient agony.

### GERMANY BARS "BILLETS."

Word for Railroad Ticket Is Too French for Fatherland.

BERLIN, via London, Oct. 16.—Typical of the movement now on foot throughout the fatherland to put the ban on all foreign words is a bulletin posted on the walls of the depot in Kaiserstrasse, reading as follows: "Hereafter purchasers of transportation are to ask for 'Fahrkarten' instead of for 'billetts.' The latter word is not German and therefore is not to be used any longer."

The word "billet" has been commonly used for "ticket" throughout Germany practically ever since the trial trip of the first railroad.

### NOTED SCULPTOR KILLED.

Friedrich Pfannschmidt Slain in Chalon Fighting.

BERLIN, via London, Oct. 16.—Among the German victims of the recent fighting at Chalon was a well known sculptor, Friedrich Pfannschmidt, who was a captain of the reserve. Pfannschmidt was 50 years of age.

### First Consignment of Over 3,000 Pieces Sent Here on the Rotterdam.

Gaston's trip since that day has been in its details, a mystery. No one knows just where he has been, what high and mighty officials he has seen. From letters he has sent his mother and sister, it is possible to get some idea of what he has done. He first wrote them, just nine days before he got away. Letters since have hinted at many diplomatic adventures and experiences that can never be revealed, mistakes that would form interesting reading. All that is definite is that, somehow, working underground in a score of different places, he has made it possible for the "lost baggage" to steadily come forward. He may even have carried out his threat and have seen the Kaiser. Nobody can say he has not.

There are odd trails of Page Gaston everywhere. He has popped in and out of cities. He was arrested in Berlin and held for several days. A photograph that has reached here shows him contentedly standing in the center of a heap of rescued baggage on the dock at Rotterdam. This is the first installment of the "lost baggage" now on the way to New York. Dr. Henry van Dyke helped him in The Hague. He was also in Ostend. Rumor places him now and again in Cologne and Coblenz. He is known to

place and the deficit which the theatre faces will amount to over \$100,000.

### KAISER'S SON BEATS DRUM AT ST. QUENTIN

### Seizes Instrument of Fallen Soldier and Leads Troops in Battle.

### MANY STORIES OF HEROISM

Many human interest stories of the war are to be found in the German newspapers arriving in New York. Among them are the following:

A soldier in a hospital in Heidelberg recounted that helplessly wounded he lay in a trench, when to his surprise he saw his brother ride by. "We greeted each other warmly during the night or to transport me to the nearest Red Cross station. He answered, however: 'I have a military command and duty is above brotherly love.' Then he spurred his horse and rode away, giving an example of the wonderful discipline in the German army."

In an article in the *Berliner Tagblatt* Prof. Paul Natorp of Marburg University tells of a German soldier who was traveling from Belgium to go to the seat of war in East Prussia. He was accompanied by a little Belgian girl, an orphan whose parents had been shot as "snipers." The German soldier, childless, was bringing the little girl to his wife and was then going on to East Prussia to fight Russia.

Prince Eitel Friedrich, second son of the Kaiser, at the battle of St. Quentin seized the drum of a fallen soldier, beat it and cried: "Forward, comrades, forward!" That cry gave the soldiers renewed courage to throw themselves on the enemy.

At Mayence all the reservists could not be accepted for the army, but all were so eager to go that the matter was decided by a footrace which took place in the armory. The winners were allowed to go to the front.

The International Committee of Mercy, formed to aid the widows and orphans of the war, counts among its numbers one of the most popular actors of the Prussian nobility, Count A. Sierstorff, who has recently visited the United States. The Count is a prominent sportsman and is the secretary of the Berlin Automobile Club. His wife (nee Knoll) is an American. The Sierstorffs reportedly have entertained the Kaiser at their castle Zyrard in Silesia.

The war has been a great blow to the Wagner Festival Plays at Bayreuth. Of twenty performances only eight took

## PORTUGUESE EAGER TO FIGHT FOR ALLIES

Visit of British Warship to Lisbon Arouses the Utmost Enthusiasm.

### STRONG FEAR OF GERMANY

Special Correspondence to THE SUN. LISBON, Oct. 6.—"Every Portuguese who is patriotic and who loves his independence has received with satisfaction the news that we are to take part in the war as allies of England and France."

This statement in a Portuguese newspaper expresses the spirit with which all Portugal is greeting the mobilization of an army of 85,000 men to be sent to England, to be followed by another of almost 100,000 men.

Simultaneously with the order for the mobilization came the order from the Government that no Portuguese citizen be allowed to leave Portuguese territory under any condition. This applies to Madeira, the Azores and African possessions as well as the Continent.

Portuguese laws at all times forbid any one to leave Portuguese territory without passports. So, by refusing to issue passports it is a simple matter to keep all but foreign citizens in the country ready for any call to arms.

Portugal is under treaty obligations to give England 100,000 men whenever asked for. It has been announced here that England has called for aid and so the mobilization was ordered. It had just got under way when the British cruiser Argonaut visited Lisbon to enable the commander of the fleet in those waters to confer with Portuguese officials. It is surmised that the cruiser's orders to visit Lisbon were issued at the same time England asked for the troops.

First the Argonaut called at Lisbon, where her arrival was the signal for hearty celebrations and demonstrations for England. Then, joined by the Calgarian, she undertook a tour of Portuguese islands, where, just outside of the three mile limit, the vessels are carrying on almost daily target practice and manoeuvres.

The sound of cannonading attracts hundreds of islanders to the water front, shops are closed and the shopkeepers and their help take a holiday. Then, after three or four hours of naval drill, the Argonaut sends a boat ashore with an officer to call on the consular representative. By the time the officer lands the streets are crowded with people who cheer him all along the route from the water front to the consulate with cries of "Viva Inglaterra," "Viva Portugal."

This programme is being carried out at each of the Azores and Madeira. It has not been learned here yet whether the Portuguese troops are to be sent to the front following a declaration of war on the part of Portugal, or whether they are to be sent to England for guard duty and to undergo British training preparatory to moving to the front at a later date. The latter view is held by most of the officials here who have discussed the case.

The entire population of Portugal is enthusiastic over the mobilization and England's aid to the troops is everywhere accepted as an honor to Portugal. There have been many wild demonstrations at which the universal cry was: "Long live the alliance between Portugal and England!"

The visit of the Argonaut was the occasion for patriotic newspaper articles in which the people were called upon to raise themselves to the level of England as they would to the aid of Portugal. These articles were sent to all the island possessions, where they were printed in full. In the Azores and Madeira they were as an awakening to the soldiers there, for they will be called upon to take their places in the second army, which will begin mobilizing as soon as the first has been ordered for England. Only continental troops will form the first army.

Portuguese hatred for Germany is, if possible, more bitter than the English hatred, because it dates further back. Portugal has long feared that Germany would seize the Azores, for it has been generally known that the Kaiser has had his eyes on those rich possessions for many years.

Following are the troops that have been called for the first army:

Headquarters	Officers, Men
Artillery	200 10,515
Machine gun regiment	27 1,584
Cavalry	27 1,584
Infantry	27 1,584
Signal corps	1 110
Hospital corps	48 254
Intelligence department	64 4,235
Subsistence department	24 1,519
Bakers	7 375
Totals	715 35,991

### UHLAN IS PICTURED AS HIRED CUTTHROAT

### French Paper Describes Him as One Paid to Plunder and Devastate.

Special Correspondence to THE SUN. PARIS, Oct. 18.—"What is an Uhlán?" A Paris newspaper which attempts to answer finds nothing good to say of a much discussed branch of the German military service. It says: "There is not a single regiment of Uhlans. The Prussian cavalry comprises dragoons, cuirassiers and hussars, but not Uhlans. 'Is Prussia at peace? Then there is not an Uhlán. Is war declared?' Then from the south to the north, from the east to the west, appear retired cavalry officers, assembled to receive their modest pensions, asking permission to form cavalry companies, which they agree to equip and maintain at their own expense. Receiving commissions as officers, they assemble other retired soldiers who, like themselves, are without resources and have nothing to lose or to risk."

### SAY OCEANIC HIT MINE.

### German Paper Hints at Cause of Liner's Destruction.

BERLIN, via London, Oct. 16.—The *Hamburger Nachrichten* in an article reviewing the losses incurred by the British navy and merchant marine through German mines hints that the loss of the oceanic, the giant White Star liner, was caused by a German mine. The loss of the vessel was originally reported to be due to a storm off the coast of Scotland. The British Admiralty, thus far, has not given out a detailed report concerning the loss of the oceanic, the paper adds.

### URGES UPRISING IN MOROCCO.

### Rogli Preaches "Holy War" Against the French.

BERLIN, via London, Oct. 16.—Berlin papers reprint a despatch which appeared in the Spanish newspaper *Epoca* of Madrid that in the French zone of Malilla, Morocco, a new Roghi had appeared who is preaching a "holy war" against the French and who is asking the Cubiles to gather under his banner and drive the French out of Morocco.

### SAY DELAREYS WAS EXECUTED.

BERLIN, Oct. 28.—The *Duesseldorfer Zeitung* asserts that the real reason for the resignation of the commander in chief of the South African forces, Gen. Beyers, was the recent shooting of Gen. Delareys. While the latter's death had been claimed to have been accidental, the newspaper says, Gen. Beyers is of the opinion that Delareys was shot and killed because he had opposed the participation of South Africa in the war.